

VERTIGO

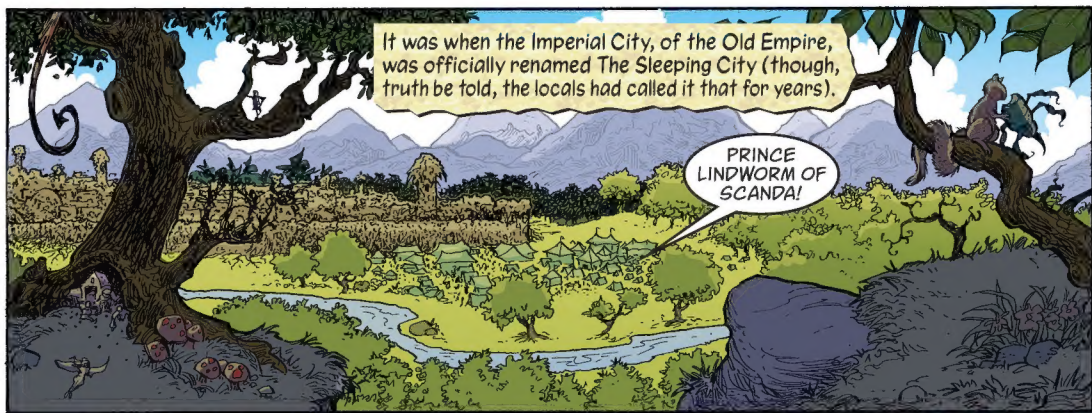
107

F

FABLES™

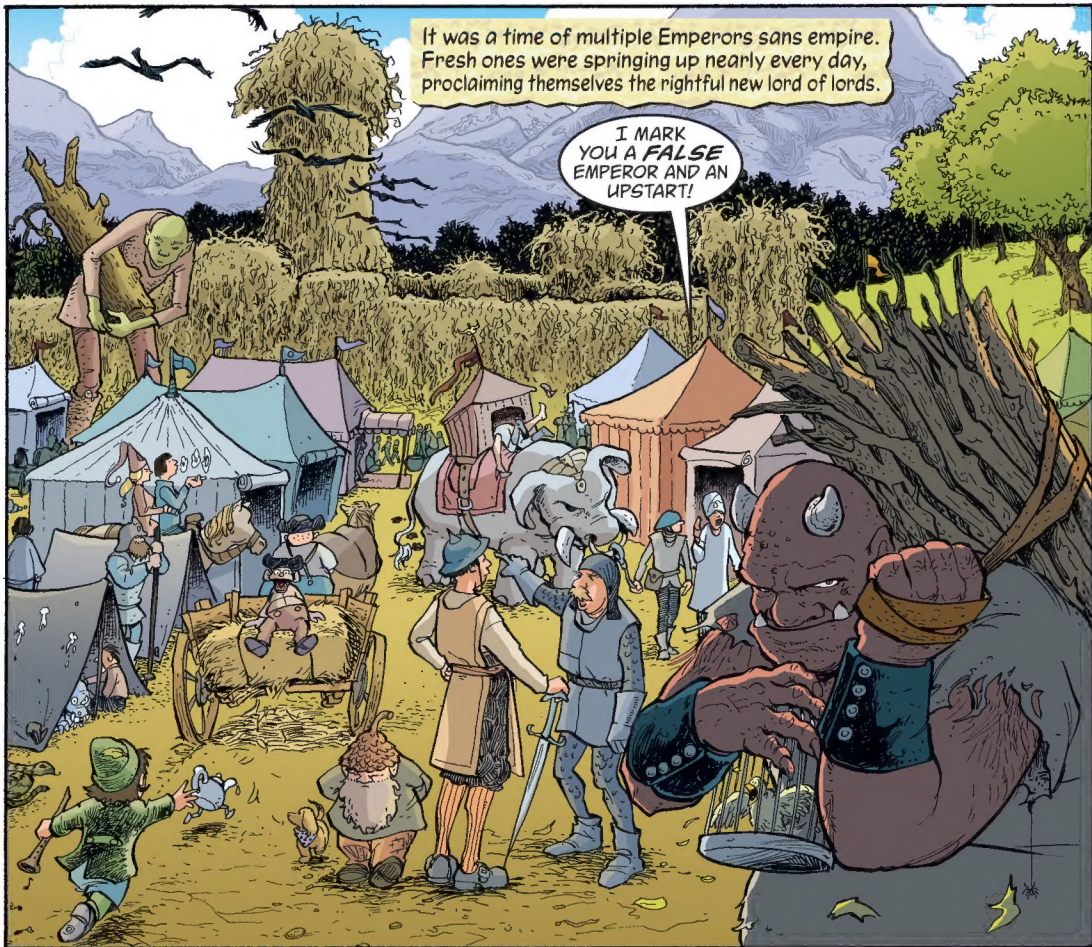
—◆—  
BILL WILLINGHAM  
TERRY MOORE  
—◆—

Sep '11  
suggested for  
mature readers  
vertigo.com



It was when the Imperial City, of the Old Empire, was officially renamed The Sleeping City (though, truth be told, the locals had called it that for years).

PRINCE LINDWORM OF SCANDA!



It was a time of multiple Emperors sans empire. Fresh ones were springing up nearly every day, proclaiming themselves the rightful new lord of lords.

I MARK YOU A FALSE EMPEROR AND AN UPSTART!

# Waking Beauty

In which we catch up with the life and restful times of one of our long overlooked friends, as she continues sleeping on the job.

Bill Willingham  
writer-creator

Terry Moore  
guest artist

Lee Loughridge  
colors

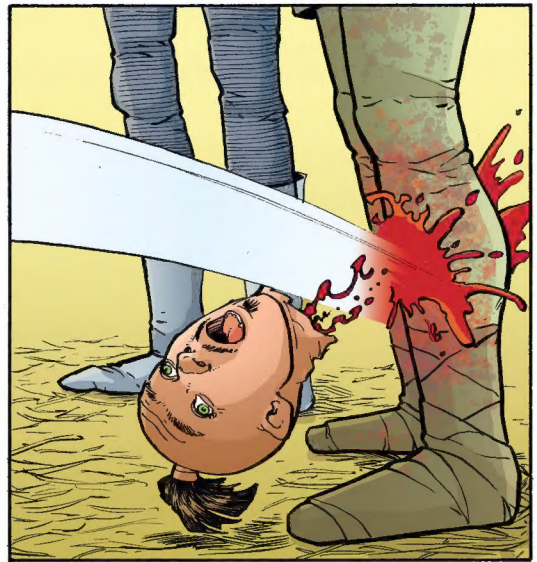
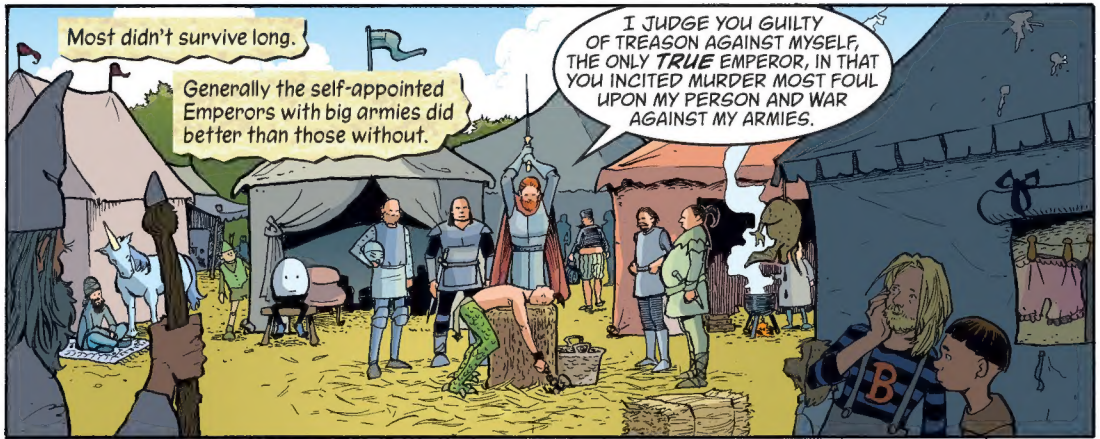
Todd Klein  
letters

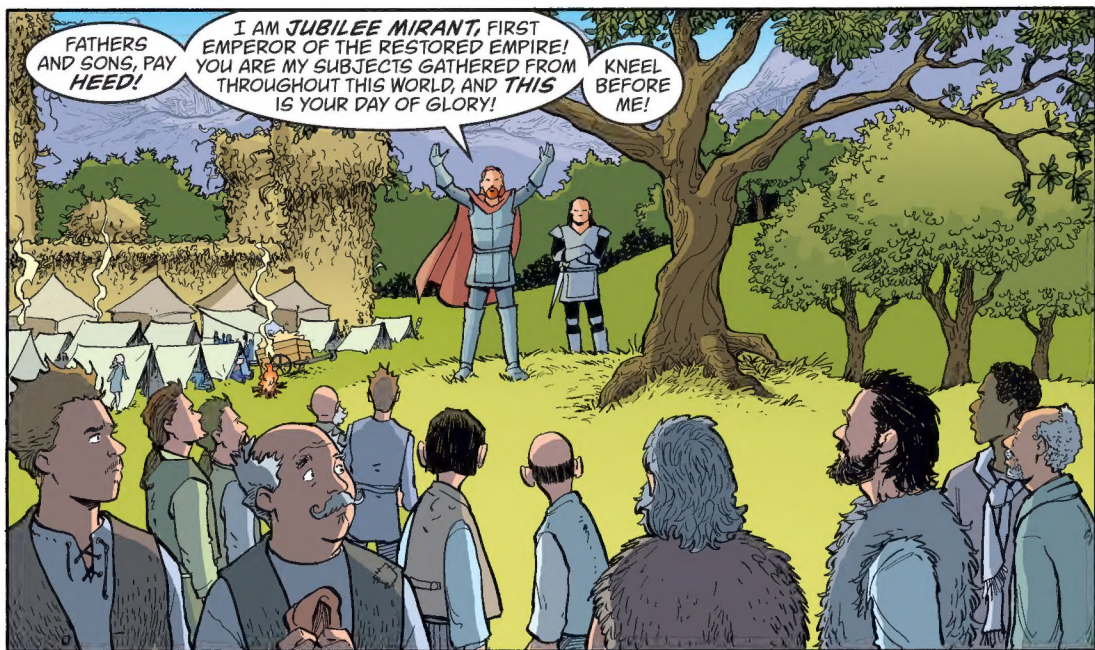
Joao Ruas  
cover

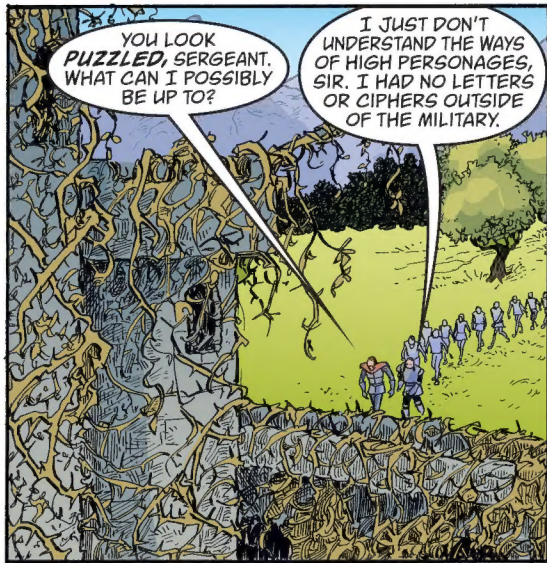
Gregory Lockard  
assistant editor

Shelly Bond  
editor









YOU LOOK **PUZZLED**, SERGEANT. WHAT CAN I POSSIBLY BE UP TO?

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WAYS OF HIGH PERSONAGES, SIR. I HAD NO LETTERS OR CIPHERS OUTSIDE OF THE MILITARY.



YOU WONDER WHY I JUST CREATED SO MANY NEW PRINCES, AND WHAT I PLAN TO **DO** WITH THEM.

YESSIR.

NOT THAT IT'S MY PLACE TO QUESTION.



I NEED HANDSOME PRINCES TO BREAK A **SPELL**, SERGEANT. A KISS FROM A HANDSOME PRINCE WHO LOVES HER WITH TRUE LOVE.

"HER," SIR?

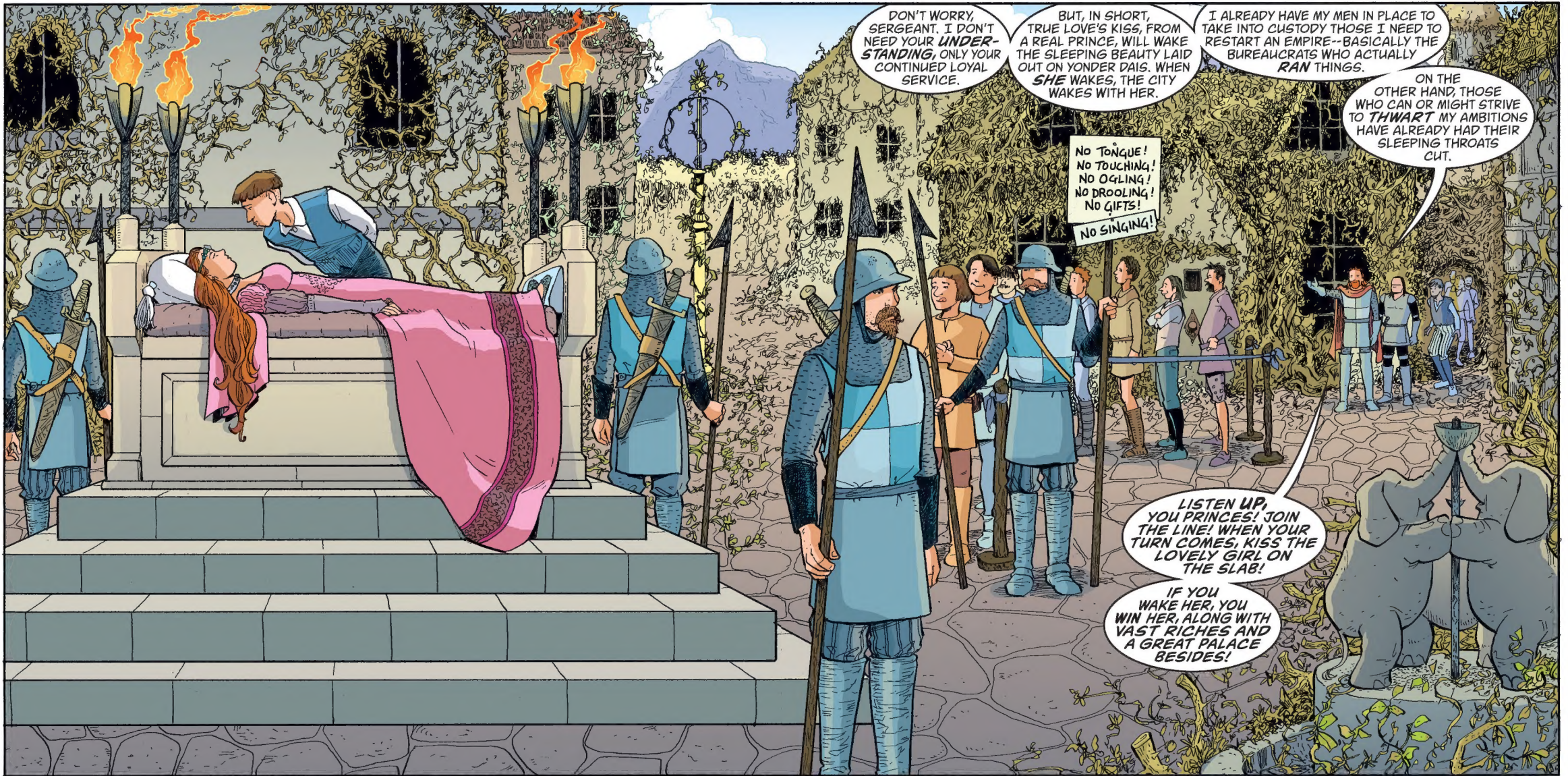
I SEEEE YOU THERE, I'M NOT SLEEPING. NOT ONCE IN ALL THESE YEARS.



YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE. I CAN MANUFACTURE PRINCES BY THE **BUSHEL**, AND I CAN COMPEL KISSES FROM THEM.

IF ONLY I HAD A WAY TO MANUFACTURE **TRUE LOVE**, I'D HAVE HAD THIS PROBLEM LICKED A YEAR AGO, WHEN WE FIRST LOCATED HER.

NOW YOU'VE GOT ME SORE CONFUSED.



DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT. I DON'T NEED YOUR **UNDERSTANDING**, ONLY YOUR CONTINUED LOYAL SERVICE.

BUT, IN SHORT, TRUE LOVE'S KISS, FROM A REAL PRINCE, WILL WAKE THE SLEEPING BEAUTY LAID OUT ON YONDER DAIS. WHEN **SHE** WAKES, THE CITY WAKES WITH HER.

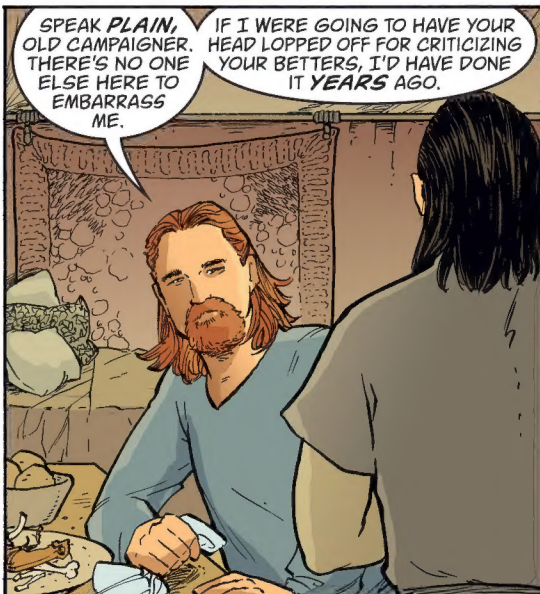
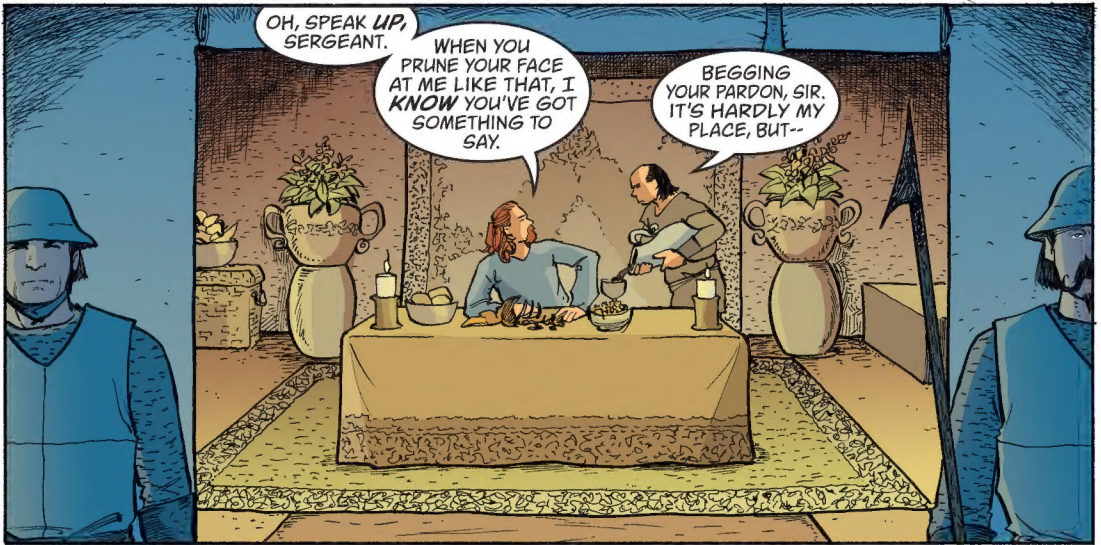
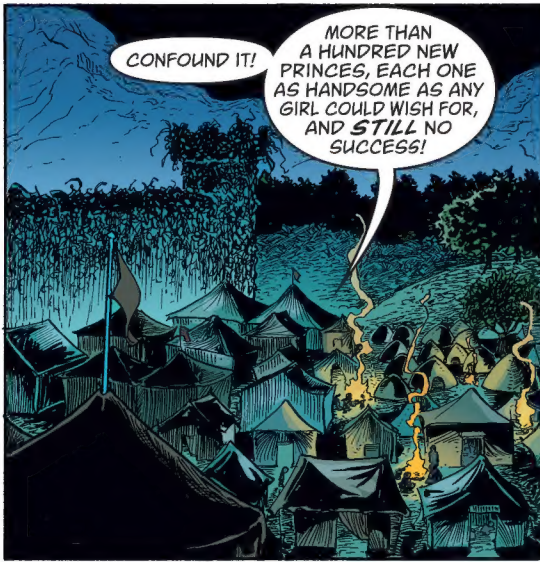
I ALREADY HAVE MY MEN IN PLACE TO TAKE INTO CUSTODY THOSE I NEED TO RESTART AN EMPIRE--BASICALLY THE BUREAUCRATS WHO ACTUALLY **RAN** THINGS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THOSE WHO CAN OR MIGHT STRIVE TO **THWART** MY AMBITIONS HAVE ALREADY HAD THEIR SLEEPING THROATS CUT.

NO TONGUE!  
NO TOUCHING!  
NO OGLING!  
NO DROOLING!  
NO GIFTS!  
NO SINGING!

**LISTEN UP, YOU PRINCES! JOIN THE LINE! WHEN YOUR TURN COMES, KISS THE LOVELY GIRL ON THE SLAB!**

**IF YOU WAKE HER, YOU WIN HER, ALONG WITH VAST RICHES AND A GREAT PALACE BESIDES!**

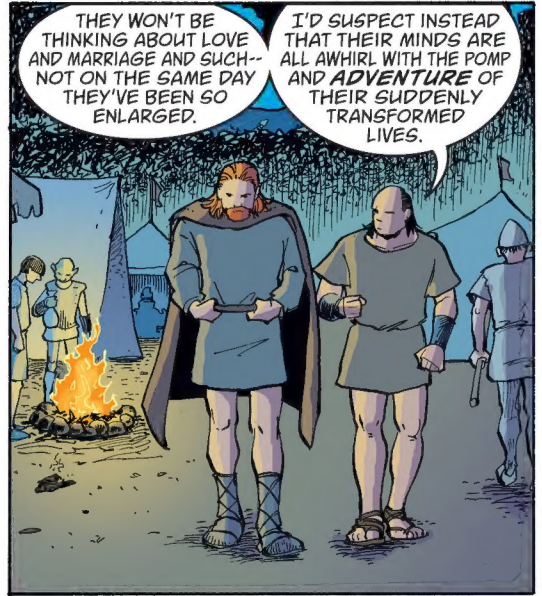




...IT'S JUST THAT I THINK YOU'RE GOING ABOUT IT ALL **WRONG**.

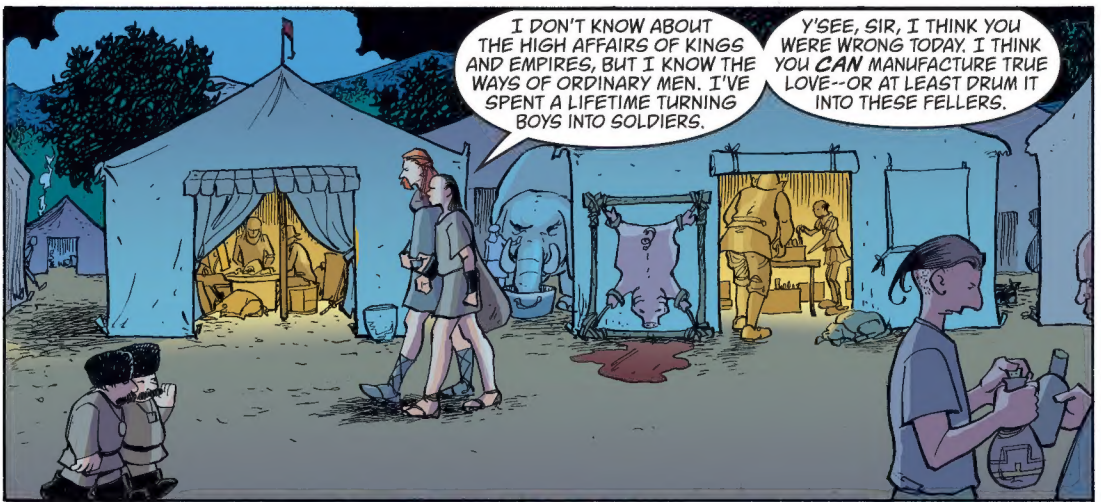
OH?

THE PROBLEM WITH THESE NEW PRINCES IS THEY'RE **NEW PRINCES**.



THEY WON'T BE THINKING ABOUT LOVE AND MARRIAGE AND SUCH-- NOT ON THE SAME DAY THEY'VE BEEN SO ENLARGED.

I'D SUSPECT INSTEAD THAT THEIR MINDS ARE ALL AWHIRL WITH THE POMP AND **ADVENTURE** OF THEIR SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED LIVES.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE HIGH AFFAIRS OF KINGS AND EMPIRES, BUT I KNOW THE WAYS OF ORDINARY MEN. I'VE SPENT A LIFETIME TURNING BOYS INTO SOLDIERS.

Y'SEE, SIR, I THINK YOU WERE WRONG TODAY. I THINK YOU **CAN** MANUFACTURE TRUE LOVE--OR AT LEAST DRUM IT INTO THESE FELLERS.



LET ME TAKE OVER THEIR TRAINING. I'LL ROUST THEM EVERY MORNING BEFORE FIRST SUN, WORK THEM ALL DAY, AND RETURN THEM **EXHAUSTED** TO THEIR COTS EACH NIGHT.

AND I'LL ISOLATE THEM FROM THE FAIRER SEX.

**NEVER** SO MUCH AS A LOCAL MILKMAID WILL THEY SEE.



THEN, IN A FEW WEEKS, WE'LL START BEDDING THEM DOWN IN THE CITY COURTYARD, IN **SIGHT** OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BUT, FROM NOW ON, IT'S STRICTLY **LOOK** BUT DON'T TOUCH.



TRUST ME. A MONTH FROM NOW EVERY ONE OF THEM WILL BE **HUNGERING** AFTER HER, AS IF SHE WERE THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE STARS ABOVE.

THE **ONLY** WOMAN IN THEIR ENTIRE WORLD.



WHICH, IN ONE SENSE, WILL LITERALLY BE TRUE.

DO YOU THINK THAT'LL WORK? WILL THEIR **DESIRE** FOR HER, AFTER LONG PRIVATION, CONSTITUTE TRUE LOVE?



AS TRUE AS CAN BE. I **KNOW** THE MINDS OF MEN. NOTHING IS AS PURELY LOVED AS A WOMAN ONE CAN'T HAVE, BUT THEN WINS A CHANCE TO **FIGHT** FOR.

THERE'LL BE SOME BLOOD SPILLED, OF COURSE.

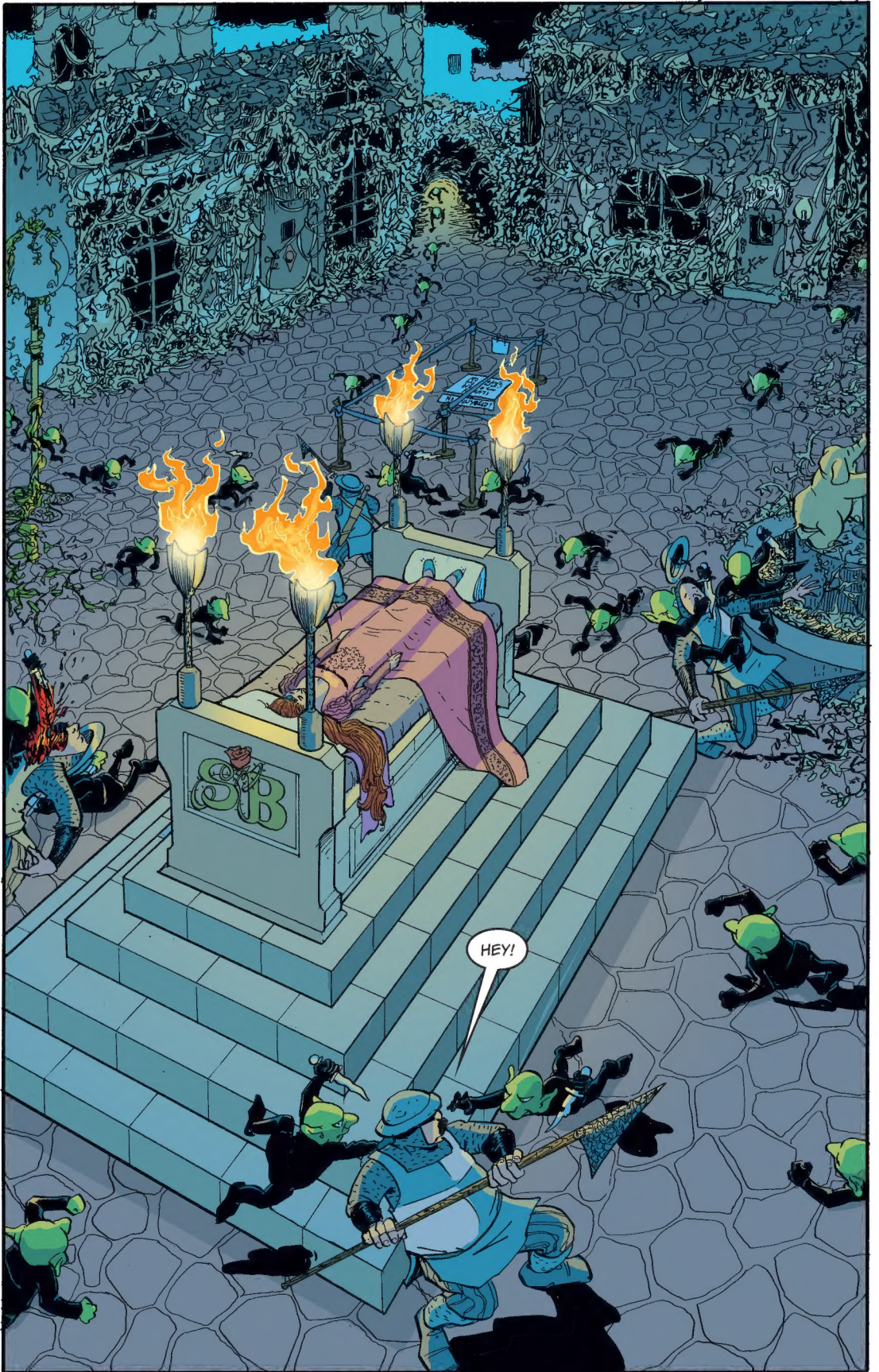


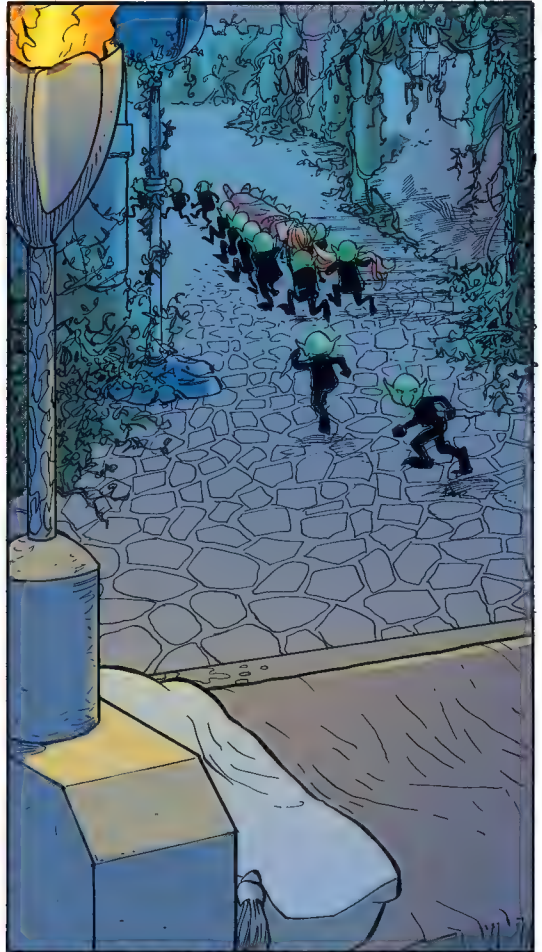
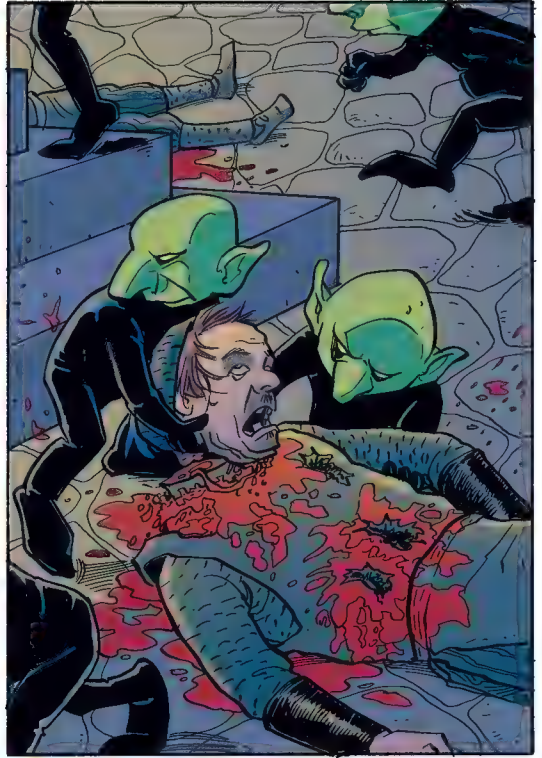
I DON'T CARE. LET THEM CARVE ON EACH OTHER TO THEIR HEART'S **CONTENT** FOR THE CHANCE TO KISS THE GIRL.

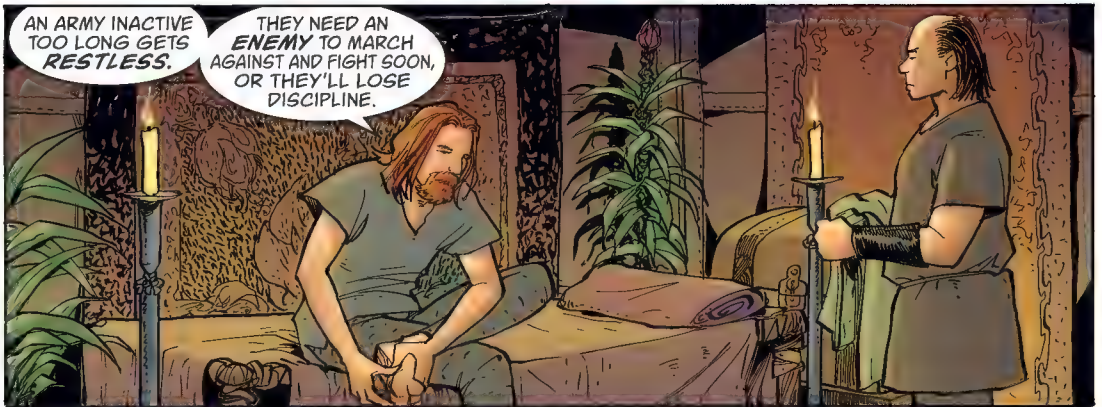
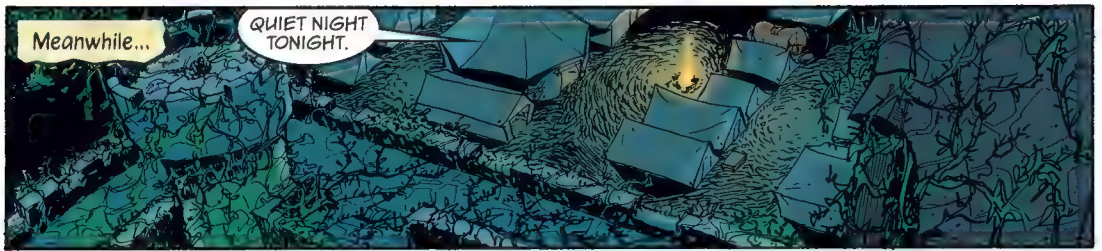
WHEN **THIS** PROJECT'S DONE, WHO NEEDS TO BE SADDLED WITH SO MANY SURPLUS PRINCES?

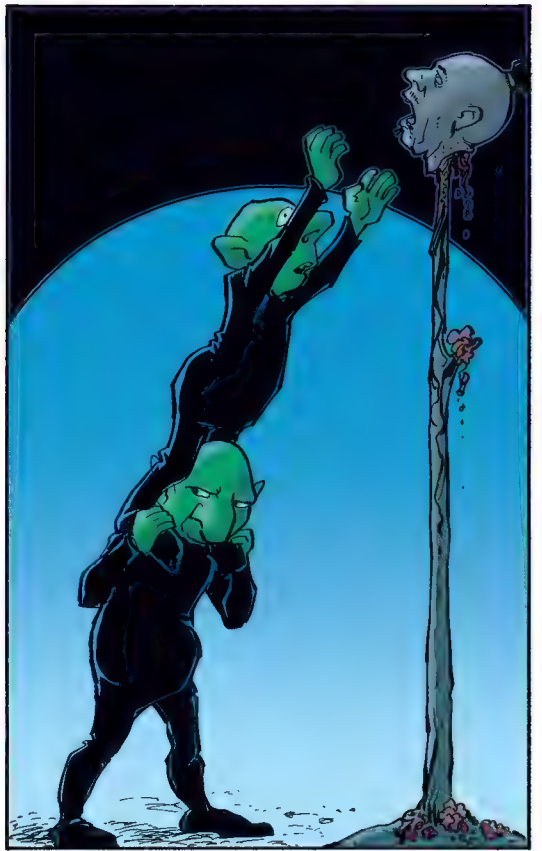


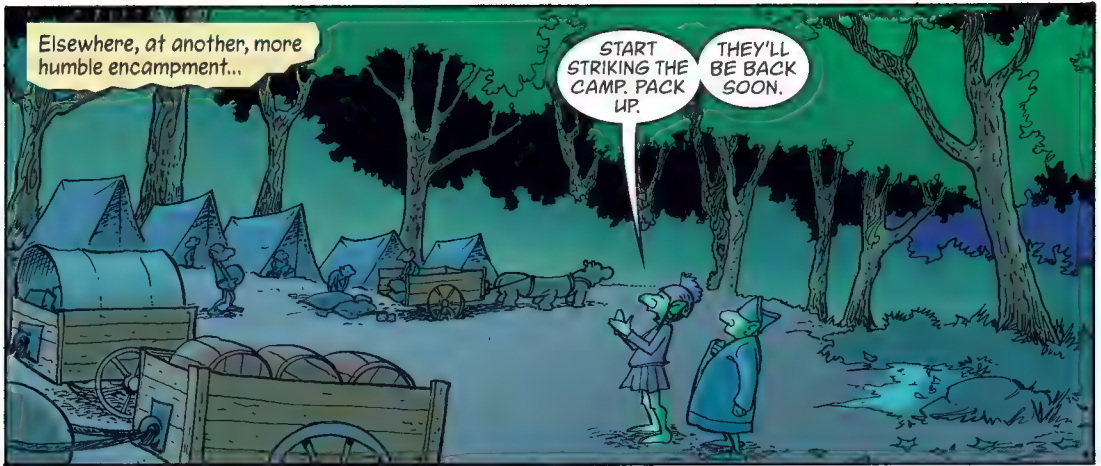


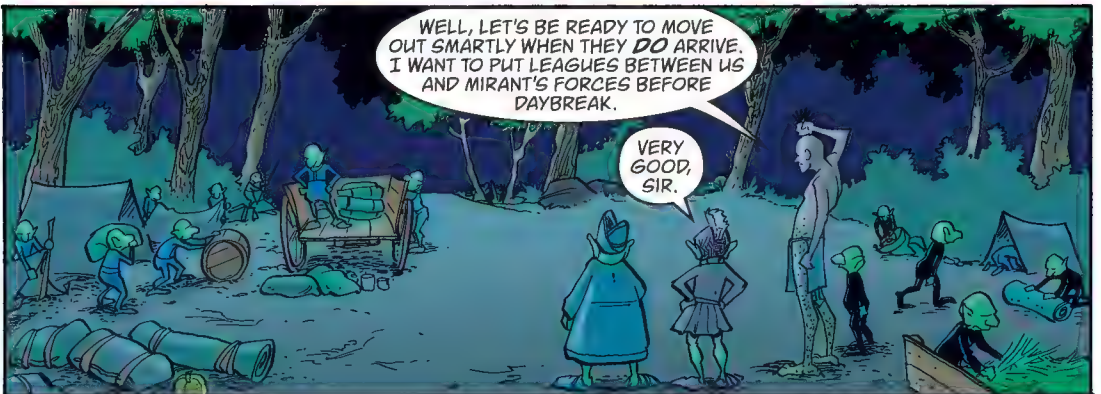
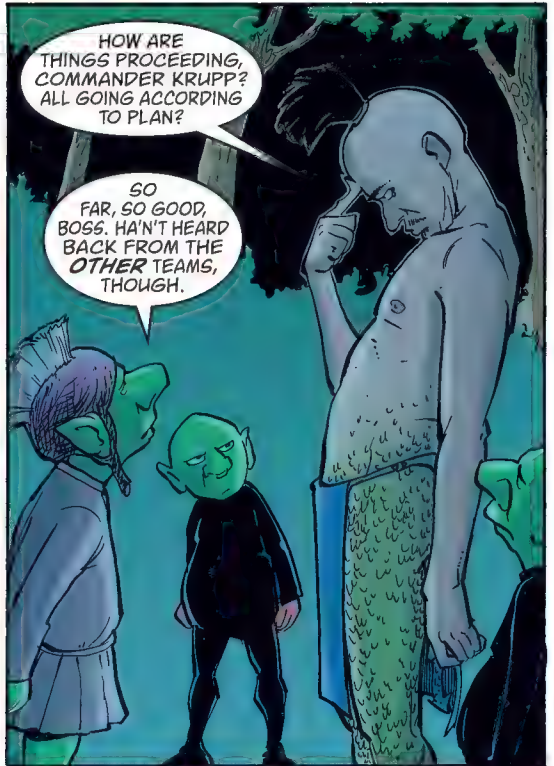
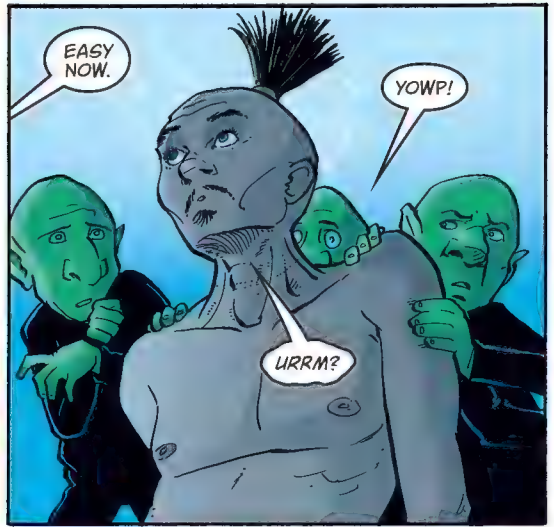


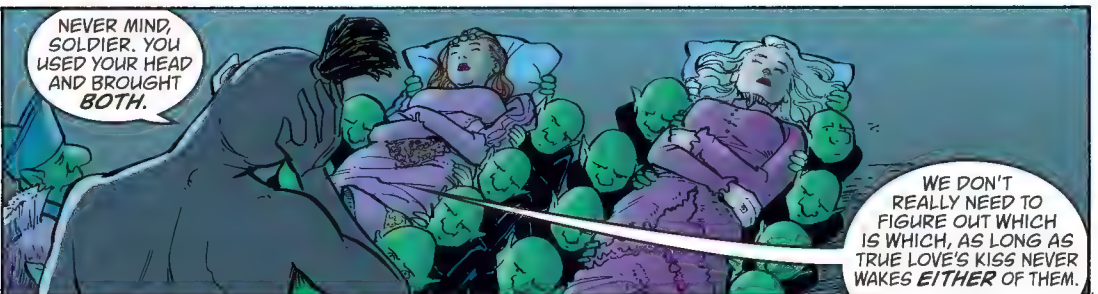
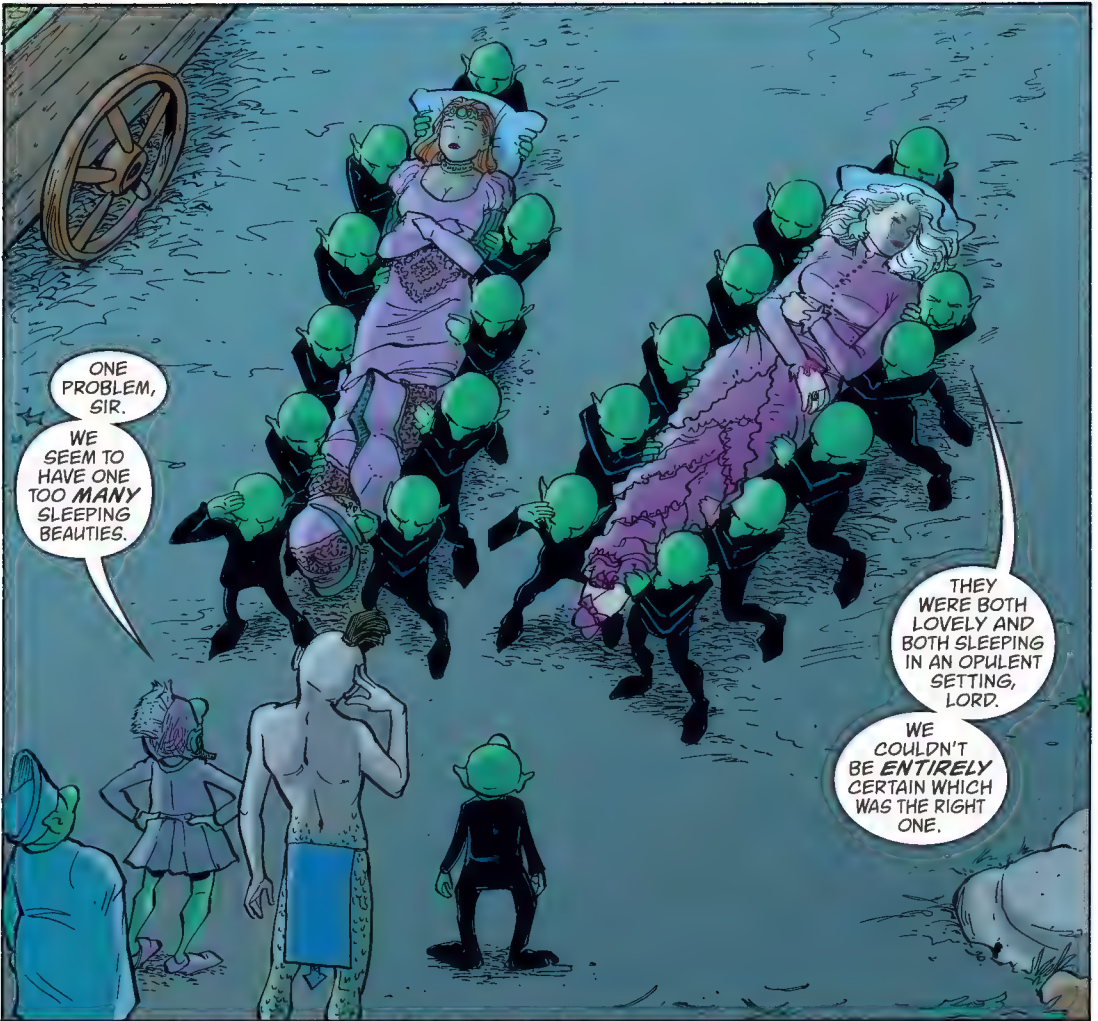
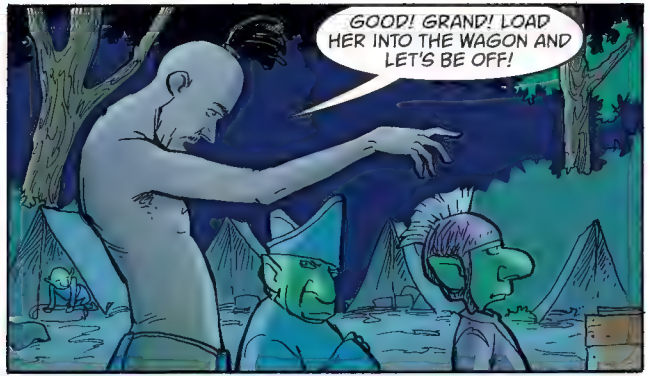




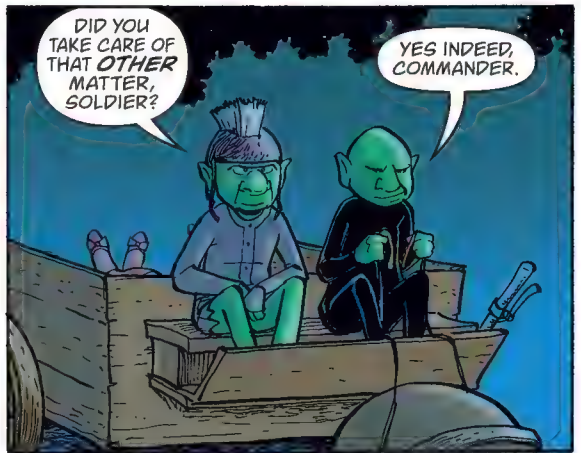
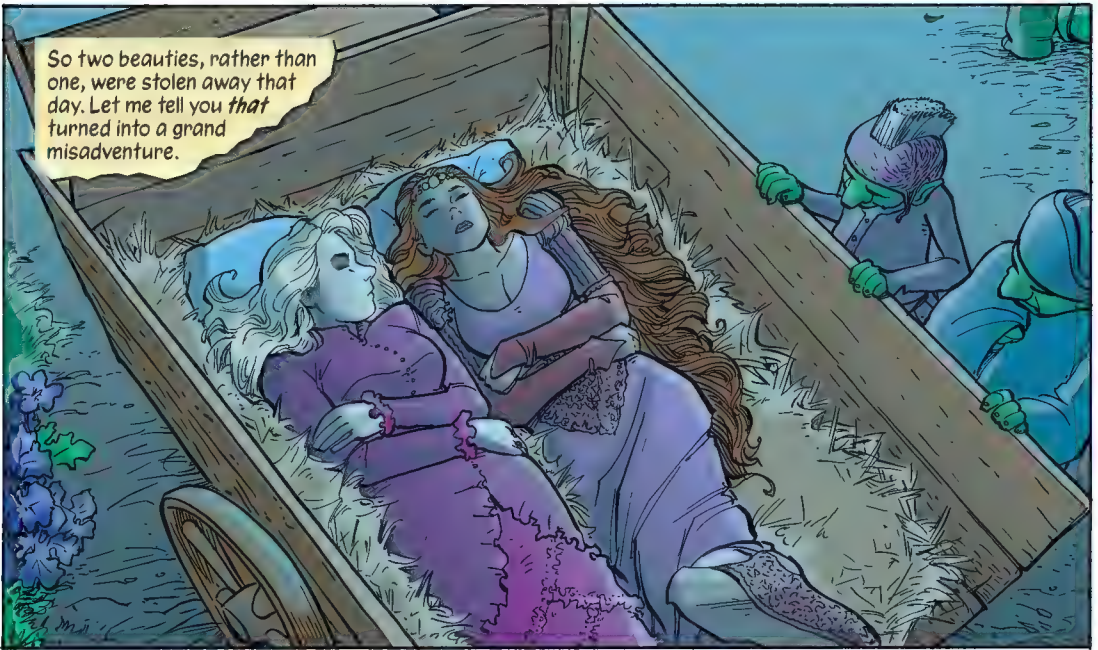
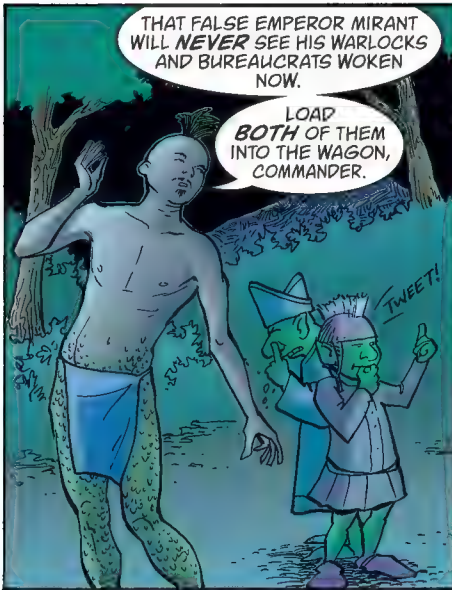








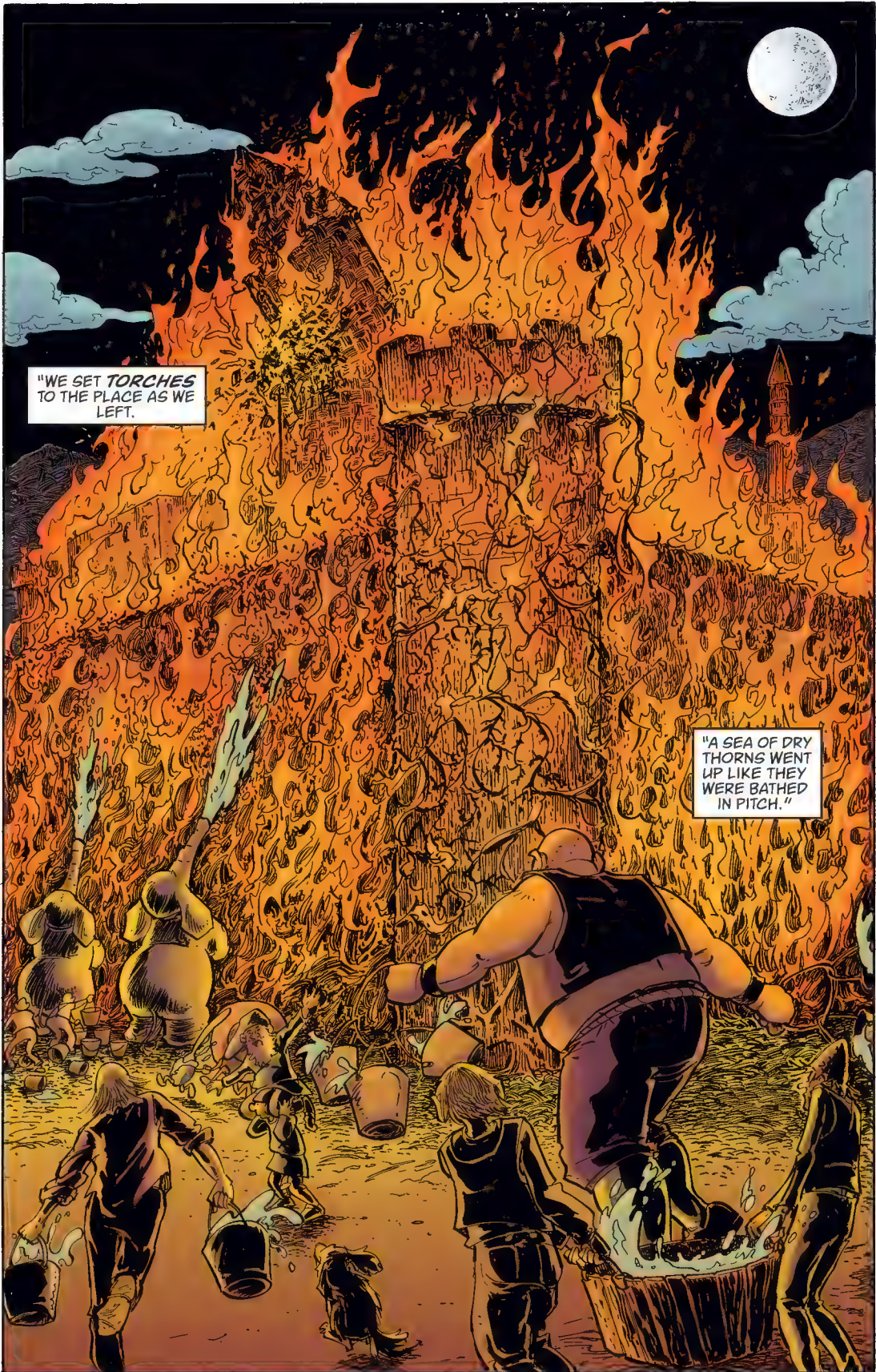






"WE SET TORCHES TO THE PLACE AS WE LEFT."

"A SEA OF DRY THORNS WENT UP LIKE THEY WERE BATHED IN PITCH."





IT'S NO USE, SIR. THE CITY'S LOST.

AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY?



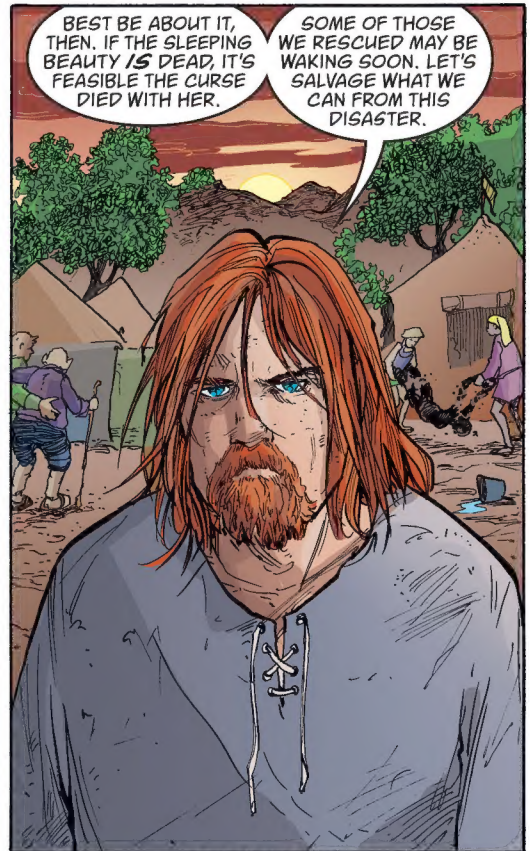
NO WAY TO TELL. THE FLAMES HAD REACHED HER COURTYARD LONG BEFORE WE COULD.

GOT SOME OF THE OTHER SLEEPERS OUT, THOUGH. THERE WERE SEVERAL POCKETS IN THE CITY OUR RESCUE TEAM GOT TO BEFORE THE FIRE DID.



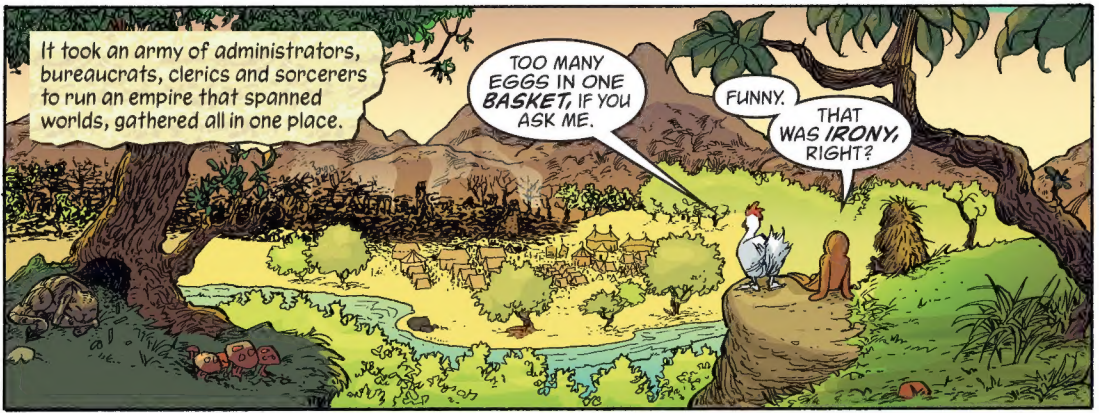
WHO? ANYONE IMPORTANT TO US?

I'M NOT SURE. WE'LL BE DAYS SORTING THEM OUT.



BEST BE ABOUT IT, THEN. IF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IS DEAD, IT'S FEASIBLE THE CURSE DIED WITH HER.

SOME OF THOSE WE RESCUED MAY BE WAKING SOON. LET'S SALVAGE WHAT WE CAN FROM THIS DISASTER.

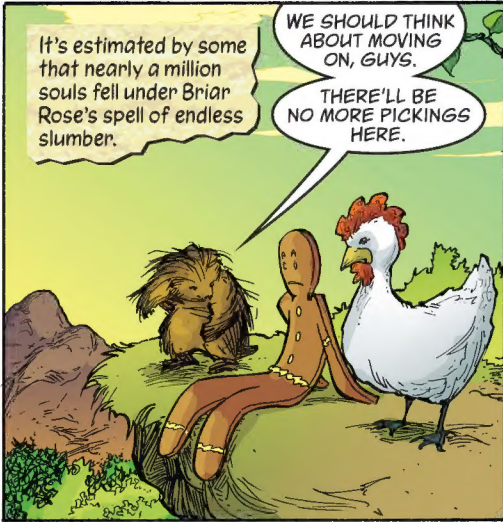


It took an army of administrators, bureaucrats, clerics and sorcerers to run an empire that spanned worlds, gathered all in one place.

TOO MANY EGGS IN ONE BASKET, IF YOU ASK ME.

FUNNY.

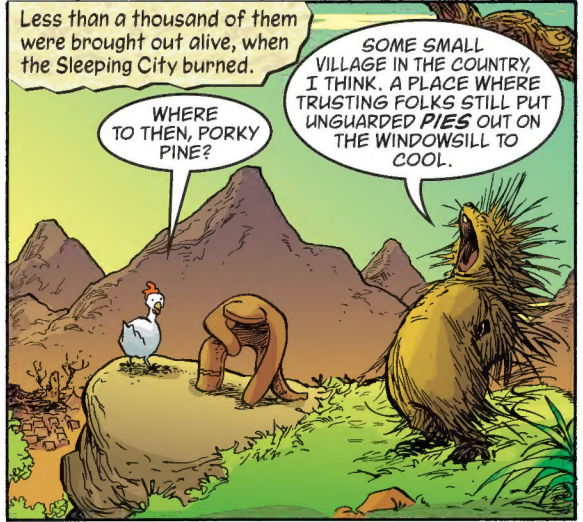
THAT WAS IRONY, RIGHT?



It's estimated by some that nearly a million souls fell under Briar Rose's spell of endless slumber.

WE SHOULD THINK ABOUT MOVING ON, GUYS.

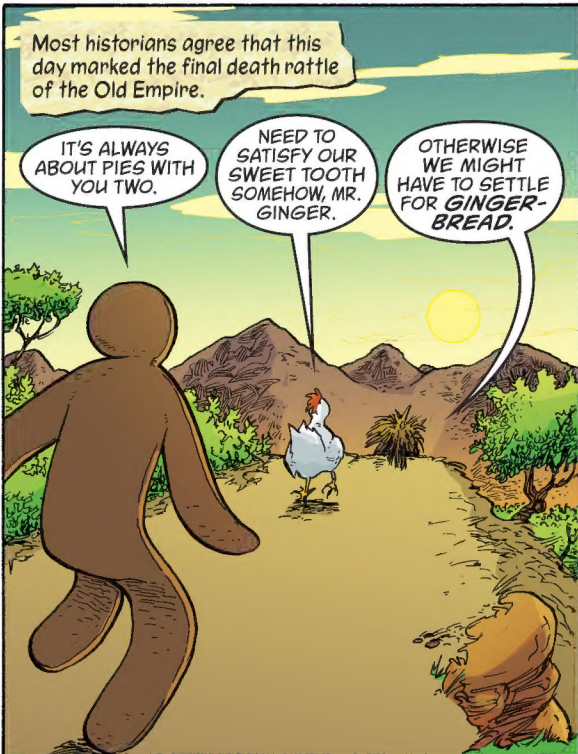
THERE'LL BE NO MORE PICKINGS HERE.



Less than a thousand of them were brought out alive, when the Sleeping City burned.

SOME SMALL VILLAGE IN THE COUNTRY, I THINK. A PLACE WHERE TRUSTING FOLKS STILL PUT UNGUARDING PIES OUT ON THE WINDOWSILL TO COOL.

WHERE TO THEN, PORKY PINE?



Most historians agree that this day marked the final death rattle of the Old Empire.

IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT PIES WITH YOU TWO.

NEED TO SATISFY OUR SWEET TOOTH SOMEHOW, MR. GINGER.

OTHERWISE WE MIGHT HAVE TO SETTLE FOR GINGER-BREAD.



BARBARIANS.

I'VE FALLEN AMONG BARBARIANS.

NEXT: WHO WILL INHERIT THE WIND?

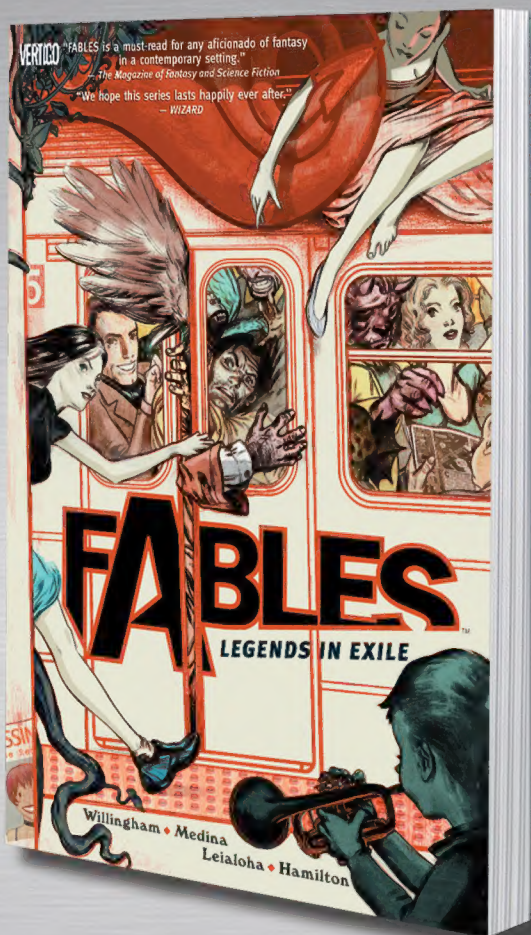
"FABLES is an excellent series in the tradition of SANDMAN, one that rewards careful attention and loyalty." – ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

# BILL WILLINGHAM

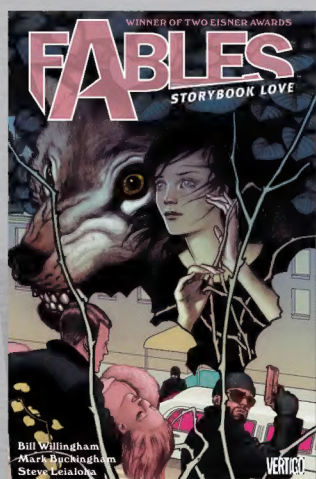
"[A] wonderfully twisted concept... features fairy tale characters banished to the noirish world of present-day New York."  
– THE WASHINGTON POST



- VOL. 1: LEGENDS IN EXILE
- VOL. 2: ANIMAL FARM
- VOL. 3: STORYBOOK LOVE
- VOL. 4: MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS
- VOL. 5: THE MEAN SEASONS
- VOL. 6: HOMELANDS
- VOL. 7: ARABIAN NIGHTS (AND DAYS)
- VOL. 8: WOLVES
- VOL. 9: SONS OF EMPIRE
- VOL. 10: THE GOOD PRINCE
- VOL. 11: WAR AND PIECES
- VOL. 12: THE DARK AGES
- VOL. 13: THE GREAT FABLES CROSSOVER
- 1001 NIGHTS OF SNOWFALL



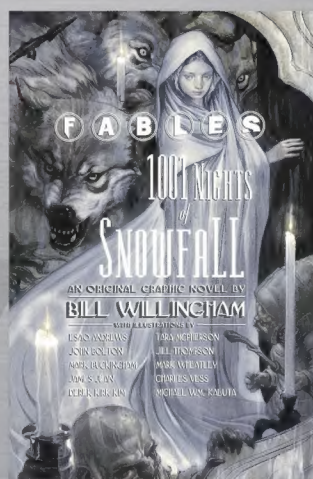
FABLES VOL. 3:  
STORYBOOK LOVE



FABLES VOL. 6:  
HOMELANDS

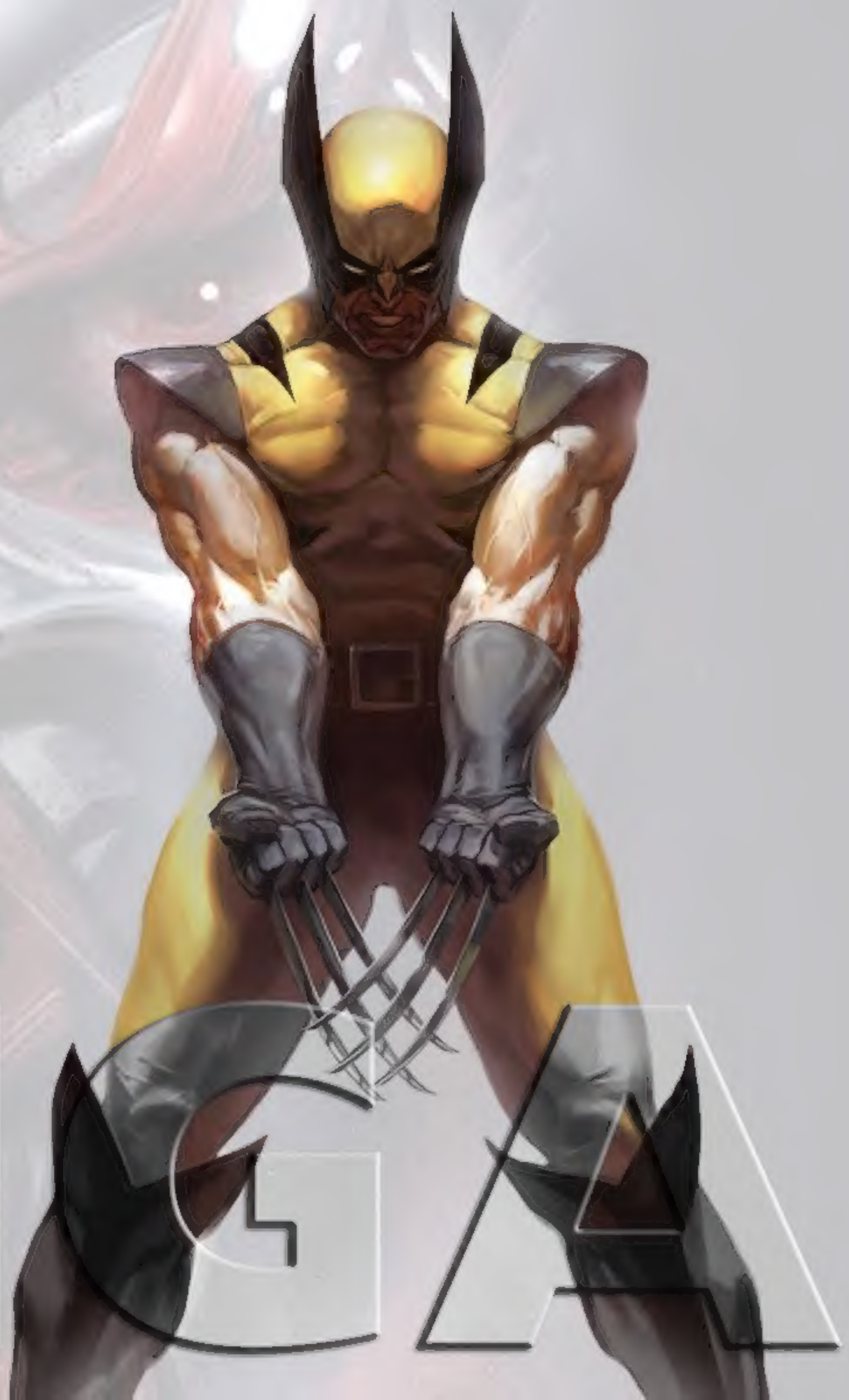


FABLES:  
1001 NIGHTS OF SNOWFALL



Use the **BUY IN PRINT** feature to find a comics shop near you.  
Check back here every week for **NEW DIGITAL RELEASES!**

Suggested for Mature Readers



WOLVERINE